



# Mirth in Mourning:

OR,

Ioyes conquest of Sorrow, gotten by a Combate betweene griefefull Ioy, and ioyfull Griefe; occasioned by the decess of our late Soueraigne Lord, King IAMES, who dyed the seuen and twentieth day of March, 1625. And the euer-happy declaration of our thrice-Royall CHARLES, King of great Brittain, France, and Ireland, &c.

*Together with a briefe recitall of the conueyance of his Corps from Theobalds to Denmarke-houle the 4. of Aprill.*

**W**Hat man do's liue, that liues deuoid of strife?  
O, who can adde one minute to his life?  
Vnmixed ioyes to Mortals not befall;  
Who least, hath some; who most, hath neuer all.  
Death do's as well stab at the hearts of Kings,  
As at the breasts of baser tempered things:  
The mightiest Monarch equally do's fall  
With basest Begger; for Death strikes them all.  
We all the selfe-same way draw in our breath,  
Though diuers pathes we tread that leade to death,  
Of one mold all are made, therefore all must,  
Made all alike, alike goe downe to dust.  
If Birth, or Wealth, or Worth could claime a due,  
Longer to liue, and Deaths stroke to eschue;  
Then Royall IAMES had longer with vs stood,  
To be our Guide, who was both Great and Good.  
Matchlesse he was, in Wit and Learnings lore,  
Surpassing all Kings that him liu'd before;  
Justice and Mercy, in him both did meet,  
And all the Graces there did kindly greet.  
His Patience still did with his yeeres increase,  
And therefore rightly stil'd *The King of Peace*:  
His Vertues glorious Fame abroad was hurld,  
Through euery corner of the peopled world.  
He was a King, who euery erring thought  
Within his Rule, in due subiection brought;  
And govern'd all his Actions by the awe  
Of powerfull Reason, not by Passions law.  
The Wisdome that good Heauen to him assign'd,  
With faire Endowments did enrich his Minde;  
So that his like, the Earth ne're trod vpon,  
For perfect worth, excepting *Salomon*.  
These rare Perfections could not him acquit  
From Death's hart-wounding blow, which home did hit,  
And laid this Cedar flatling on the ground,  
Whilst lo wer Shrubs stood firme, vntoucht and found:  
For on the seuen and twentieth day of March,  
About mid-day, this strong and mighty Arch,  
Which vnderpropt the weight of this our Land,  
Was plucked downe by Deaths vnpartiall hand.  
The Newes whereof being fearefull, sudden, sad,  
In blackest Robes of griefe faire London clad:  
Men did like shadowes walke, they knew not how:  
And pale-fac'd sorrow sat on euery brow.  
The Court is darkned, and with blacke is walled,  
Nor shall againe in haste *White-Hall* be called;  
The heauy Clergie in their Pulpits mourne,  
And all true subiects looke like men forlorne.  
With brim-full eyes the Husband tells the Wife,  
That good King IAMES was quite bereft of life;  
The Mother tels her children; then they cry,  
And jointly all doe weepe for company.  
The Merchant and Mechanicke hang the head,  
And reason good; for now their Soueraigne's dead;  
The Sun is set, that once did giue them light,  
And left them lapt in woes of weariest night.  
Griefe now on all, the vpper hand doth get,  
All creatures mourn'd; the senselesse stones did sweat:  
(That they with Earth true sympathy would keepe)  
The very Heauens, with me, did see men to weepe.

No sooner yet was set this Mid-daies Sun,  
Whose absence did giue vp our States vndone,  
But straight a Second did appeare in sight,  
Of wondrous Splendor, full as Faire and Bright:  
For towards night, a noise was heard to ring  
Through euery street; Proclaiming *Charles* our King,  
With acclamations, and such ioyfull cries,  
As brake the Aire, and beat against the skies.  
When this all-chearing rumour forth was spred,  
That *Salomon* was plac'd in *Dauid's* stead;  
And that content had closed vp the day,  
Ioy then slept in, and Sorrow slunk away.  
What tongue, what pen, what excellence of Art,  
Can speake the rapture of each good mans heart?  
Children and modest Maids, to all mens thinking,  
Were drunke with Ioy, as others were with drinking.  
Matrons, that till then, scarce were seene to smile,  
To heare King *Charles* Proclaim'd, laught all the while:  
Cripples let fall their Crutches: Sicke and Lame  
Forgot their paines, when they but heard his Name.  
The Blind-man now lamenting, lowdly cries,  
He ne're, till now, grieu'd for the losse of eyes:  
The Dumb-man now his want of speech bemoanes,  
And vents his Ioy in teares, in sighs, in groanes.  
The Bonfires blaz'd, the merry Bells did ring,  
And all to welcome *Charles*, our Soueraigne King:  
Whom God preferue by his Almighty power,  
And crowne his soule with Ioy at his last houre.  
O may not one be wanting of his Race,  
To sway the Scepter in his Royall Place:  
Vntill the Starres from their blue roote doe drop,  
Or th'Earth surcease to yeeld her fertile crop.  
Lord, him instruct to number all his daies:  
Direct his feet, and guide them in thy waies:  
From Treasons hate, which at Kings bites and snarles,  
Good Heau'n protect our Soueraigne Lord, King *Charles*.

A briefe recitall and manner of the conueyance of his Corps from *Theobalds* to *Denmarke-houle*, the 4. of Aprill, 1625.

**O** What a generall sadness was o'respred,  
When that his Corps from *Theobalds* was conuaid  
To *London*, who, for that she could not speake,  
Emptied her heart by teares, that else would breake!  
The Citizens, as it pail on the way,  
Did force from Night an artificiall Day;  
And further, to declare their deare affection,  
Did striue to bring Time vnder their subiection.  
They kept backe Night by Stratagem and force,  
Full two houres longer then her common course:  
Heauen wept for ioy, the vsclesse Sun retired,  
Fearing his Lockes should by their flames be fired:  
Or wearied in his iourney to the West,  
Saw Day without him, and went downe to rest;  
Yea, *Joue* himselfe did call the gods about him,  
Fearing, the world had fir'd it selfe without him.  
But straight an head-strong Torrent did arise,  
Which ouer-swel'd the bankes of each mans eyes;  
Extinguishing those *Lights*, bedrencht in teares,  
And left vs groping after hopes and feares.

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